

Write This Down

"Trading My Soul"

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No time for grief.
Don?t open that door ? now let me go back to sleep.
I?m just in a phase of fading ? I?m left here trading my
Soul.
I?m spinning that big black hole.
On borrowed wings ? nor flesh, nor skin.
We drift like feathers in wind.

Not the end, but I sense it is near.
I?m in limbo between earth and sky.
I can see all your houses from here.
But don?t you tell me that this is dying.

The walls ? The carpets ? The curtains ? they cloud the

Room.
I?m left here with no ticket, but I bet we?re leaving
Soon.
I?m just in a phase of fading. I?m left here trading my
Soul.
I?m, spinning that big black hole.
On borrowed wings ? nor flesh, nore skin
We drift like feathers in the wind.

Not the end ? but I sense it is near.
I?m in limbo between earth and sky.
I can see all your houses from here
But don?t tell me, that this is dying.

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